

The Tragicall

If euer he haue wife let her be mad,
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertsey* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarfe.

Enter *Glocester*.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,

La. What blacke Magitian, coniuers vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarfe or by *Saint Paul*,
Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes?

Gen. Stand backe and Let the coffin passe,

Glo. Vntanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my brest,
Or by *Saint Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?

Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,

Glo. Sweet Saint for charity, bee not so curst.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:

Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaymes,

If thou delight to vew thy hanious doeds,

Beho'd this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,

Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,

Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformity,

For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,

From cold and empirie weynes where no blood dwels.

Thy deed inhumane and vnaturall,

Prouokes this deluge most vnaturall.

Oh Ood, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:

Oh earth which this blood drink'st, reuenge his death:

Either heauen with lightning strike the murderer dead,

of Richard the Third.

Or leaue a gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, blessings for curses,

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth,

Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe, deuine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquit my selfe.

La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For this knowne euils but to giue me leaue,

By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Eairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make

No excuse curant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.

La. And by dispaire shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,

Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not,

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diuelish slaue by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband,
La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay he is dead and staine by *Edwards* hand.
La. In thy soule throat thou liest. *Queene Margret* saw

Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,

But that my brother beat aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue

Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloody minde,

Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant yee!

La.

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